

In a Love Nest with the Aloof CEO Chapter
539 - 540

“I’m just looking out for the both of us,” she pointed out. “I don’t want to cause you trouble either.”

That sentence shut him up. That’s right. That was what I used to wish for, too.

The flashy car eventually arrived at Skylar’s destination and slowed to a stop by the roadside, drawing the attention of many passers-by.

She didn’t even think about saying “bye” or “thank you” before rushing out of the car and making a beeline for the studio.

The job this time was a photoshoot for a magazine cover. Skylar was the main star of the photoshoot, while Molly and a few other trainees were the extra models.

The last time she’d met Molly, the girl had spilled an entire cup of coffee onto Tobias at the company building.

Molly approached her as she was getting her makeup done. The trainee was dressed in a schoolgirl outfit, complete with white thigh-high socks and black Mary Janes that complimented her slim frame.

Skylar couldn’t help but admire the way puberty had helped Molly grow into the beautiful girl

she was today. The latter hadn’t lost an ounce of the confidence her family had taught her;

she still seemed like a spoilt princess wherever she would go.

Clinging onto Skylar’s arm, Molly excitedly told her, “Hi, Skylar! I specifically went to buy some

handmade candy from the shop near our place when I heard you’d be coming today! You used to love that candy, right?”

There used to be a shophouse in the residential area Skylar used to live in that had been

popular amongst kids for its selection of snacks such as homemade candy, pretzels, and donuts.

She'd even paid a visit a few days ago and had been delighted to learn that the owner of the shop was still the exact same one from when she was younger. Unfortunately, she felt like the taste of the snacks sold there had changed greatly. Perhaps it was because her preferences had changed after growing up. She recalled with nostalgia how she couldn't bear to finish the candy in one go as a kid and would nibble at it slowly to preserve it for as long as she could. Sometimes, she would bring the candy back home to eat while watching Powerpuff Girls. Sometimes, grandma would appear with a broom and telling her to turn the TV off, going on and on about how watching too much TV was bad for Skylar's eyes and that it was a waste of electricity. Even in hindsight, Skylar never once thought of her grandma as being too stingy. She knew it had been hard for her grandma to raise her with a salary of only a thousand a month. If only Grandma was still around. I would finally be able to spoil her. I would buy her everything we couldn't afford in the past. Skylar shot Molly a polite smile. "It's the thought that counts. Thank you for thinking of me." Molly's grin widened even further. "Don't mention it! We're best friends after all!" Skylar's mind blanked. A small voice that sounded like Kate's in the back of her mind chimed in, "When you get popular, the entire entertainment industry is going to want to be your friend." Since when have Molly and I become so close that she regards us "best friends" now?

Dressed in a simple white T-shirt and blue skinny jeans, Skylar looked perfect under the camera lens. There wasn't a single flaw on her face, and not a single strand of her shoulder-length dark hair was out of place. The photographers kept praising her amazing body proportions, going on and on about how she was born to be a star. In a small crowd of trainees that stood off to one side and watched the photoshoot, someone whispered into Molly's ear, "You and Skylar are friends, right? Do you know if the whole 'rags to riches' Cinderella story she used to sell is true?"

Molly kept her gaze fixed on Skylar, who was posing and throwing a cool look of disdain towards the camera. "Of course it is," she replied, smirking. "She led quite a pitiful childhood, actually. Her dad abandoned her, so she was raised by her grandmother. Yet, she's still maintained her values and views of money, even after becoming a celebrity. You see that necklace around her neck? It doesn't even cost a thousand."

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540

Smile for the camera. Relax. Give off the clear, gentle aura of a midsummer night's dream.

When the photographer and Skylar later went over the pictures they'd taken, they quickly discovered that she looked like she was forcing a smile in nearly every one of them.

It was as if someone had been holding a gun to her head and made her do this photoshoot.

"I'll take a moment to organize my feelings, and we can do a retake soon after," Skylar offered apologetically.

Noticing the necklace around Skylar's neck, the photographer shook his head. "I think you should take that off and ask one of the stylists to give you a new one."

She reached out a hand to gingerly touch the black swan pendant. Though she had grown attached to her birthday present, she eventually relented and switched it out.

It was late afternoon when the photoshoot finally wrapped up. Skylar approached Molly right before she left, saying, "See you soon. Let's go out for a meal together next time."

"When? I don't want this to be an empty promise."

She hadn't expected Molly to be so blunt. Of course, her invitation had indeed been nothing

more than an empty promise, but she couldn't go back on her word now.

"Tomorrow night. I'll text you the rest of the details."

This dinner meet-up would be a good excuse for her to invite Penelope out. They hadn't seen each other since Penelope gave birth, and it couldn't be good for her mental health to stay indoors for so long.

Perhaps it might ease the woman's grudge against her if she came out for a breath of fresh air.

Skylar was still truly at a loss as to what she had done wrong for Penelope to get pissed at the mere sight of her.

Meanwhile, Molly was glowing with pride after getting asked out to dinner by Skylar in front of so many people.

In her opinion, Skylar had been smart to choose her, out of everyone, to be besties with.

Molly was already prepared to take a picture with Skylar after they had dinner. She could post it on Instagram and gain more followers.

Her fellow trainee, Lisa, enviously mumbled, "Skylar's literally untouchable within our company. I just don't know where she got such good connections and resources."

Molly sighed. Rumors were going around the company about Skylar's close relationship with the CEO of Ford Group and the head of Royal Entertainment, Tobias Ford.

She had spotted Skylar walking together with a man the other day, and had also bumped into him herself. Could that have been Tobias Ford? She didn't know what he looked like; after all, she'd never had the right to personally meet the CEO.

Quickly regaining her composure, Molly replied, "Who cares? As long as you work hard, your efforts will be repaid."

That's an immature ideal, lamented Lisa. It was true that hard work was part of success, but you couldn't succeed in the entertainment industry purely through hard work and without any connections.

People with and without connections started the race on a completely different starting line.

Skylar had only enjoyed the best opportunities ever since her debut; a far cry from the trainees who practiced from day to night daily for a single chance at possibly debuting.

Skylar started going through her bag as soon as she got in the car, flipping out every pocket and double-checking everything before smacking her own forehead.

"What's wrong?" asked Hannah. "Did you forget something at the studio?"

"My necklace..." Skylar reached up to touch her bare neck. "I forgot where I left it. We have to go back to find it."

Hannah gave her a confused look. If she remembered correctly, Skylar's necklace had been a basic, cheap Swarovski design.

Skylar rarely wears jewelry. What's so special about this particular piece?

"Was it a gift from your first boyfriend or something?"

Skylar furrowed her eyebrows. There was no way Jeremy would be so generous as to gift her a necklace.

“No, it was a birthday present from Tobias.”